The Glory of the WEST,

Or, The Virgins of *Taunton-Dean.*

Who ript open their Silk-Petticoats, to make Colours for the late D. of M's Army, when he came before the Town.

A SONG.

To the Tune of the Wincheſter-Wedding. *This may be Printed,* July, 31. 1685. *R. L. S.*

IN *Lime* began a Rebellion,
for there the Rebells came in,
Rebells almoſt a Million,
Came there to Proclaim M. King
The News being uſher'd about,
The Virgins of *Taunton-Dean,*
With joyful ſurprizing a croud,
They ſummon'd up all their men,
And ſent them to meet his Grace,
Their *Proteſtant* Prince of the *Weſt,*
While the Girls from each corner did trace,
with Ornaments fit for their Gueſt.

II.

Round the *Market-Croſs* in the Town,
Their petticoats down did fall,
Without either Bluſh or frown,
They had like to pull'd up all;
Their petticoats they rip'd open,
ſome Yellow, ſome Red, ſome green,
Tho' ne're a Commandment broken,
Yet all things were there to be ſeen:
Of theſe they made Enſigns of war,
Alexander the like never bore,
The *Motto* Embroidered with Hair,
Such Colours was never before.

III.

Then Notice was given the Army
Was within a Mile of the Gate,
The Maids then came to a parly,
Which ſhould be the Captain in State;
They twenty Seven in Number,
That all in white did appear,
The Colonels Daughter tho' younger
Made Captain, and Colours did bear;
All cover'd in *Cambrick* and *Lawn,*
With garlands march'd out of the Town,
Their Skins through their Veils were ſhown
ſome tawney, ſome white and ſome brown.

But when they appear'd on the *Downs,*
Proud *Perkin* they did ſurprize,
And all his Country Clowns,
Draw'd Luſture from their bright Eyes,
Then at his moſt gracious Feet,
they threw down their garlands and Crown
With Colours fit for Field or ſleet;
Or *School*-boys about the Town;
They being upon their knees,
He kindly ſaluted them round,
With Congies, and touches and ſqueze,
He took them up from the ground.

V.

Three Vollies of Shot were given,
To welcome the Maids in the *Weſt,*
As if they had dropt from Heaven,
And by whom the *Army* was bleſt:
Their Captain was firſt ſaluted,
By their mighty Monarch o'th' croud,
And *Katy* did not diſpute it,
But Crouched and turned about:
He Carreſs'd them every one,
As they were drawn up a part,
Both *Betty,* and *Molly,* and *Jone,*
Yet *Kate* was the Laſs had his heart.

VI.

Each Officer took his place,
His choice he kindly drew forth,
They all were as free to embrace,
As Maids of meaner worth:
Each couple into their *Tent,*
They merrily did retire:
Where all the ſweet night was ſpent,
The Virgins had their deſire;
They learn'd the Diſcipline of War,
To exerciſe Muſquet or Pike,
Next morning did freely declare,
They ne're had ſo pleaſant a night.

LONDON, Printed for *James Dean,* Book-ſeller at the *Queens Head,* between the *Royal-Grove* and *Holmes* in *Drury-Lane,* 1685.